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T H E
Three Indian Kings'
G A R L A N D.

Being a faithful and true Account how the powerful Charms of a beautiful Lady conquer'd the Heart of one of the three Indian Kings.



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W. W.

Other IV

81 *The Three INDIAN KINGS.*

LISTEN to a true relation,
Of three Indian Kings of late,
Who came to this Christian Nation,
To report their sorrows great,
Which by the French they had sustained,
To the overthrow of Trade,
That the seas may be regained,
They are come to beg our aid.



Having told their sad condition
To our late most gracious Queen,
With all humble low submission,
Mixed with a courteous mein.

Courteously they were received
In bold Britain's royal court;
Many lords and ladies grieved
At these Indian Kings' report.

Now their message being ended,
To the Queen's great Majesty
They were further still befriended
By the noble standers by.

With a glance of Britain's glory,
Buildings, troops, and twenty things:
But now comes the pressing story,
Love seized one of these three Kings

Thus, as it was then related,
Walking forth to take the air
In St. James's Park, there waited
Troops of charming ladies fair,

Rich and gaudily attired,
 Rubies, jewels, diamonds, rings:
 One fair lady was admired
 By the youngest of these Kings.

While he did his grief discover,
 Often saying to the rest,
 Like a broken-hearted lover,
 Oft he smote upon his breast.

Breathing forth this lamentation:
 O, what pain do I endure!

The young ladies of this nation,
 They are more than mortals sure.

In their language he related,
 How her angel beauty bright
 His great heart had captivated,
 E'er that she appear'd in light.

Tho' there are many fair and pretty,
 Youthful, proper, strait, and tall,
 In this Christian land and nation,
 Yet she far excels them all.

Were I worthy of her favour,
 Which is better worth than gold,
 Then might I enjoy for ever
 Charming blessings manifold.

But I fear she cannot love me,
 I must hope for no such thing;
 That sweet saint is far above me,
 Tho' I am an Indian King.

Let me draw up my petition
 To that lady fair and clear,
 Let her know my sad condition,
 How I languish for her here.

If on me, after this trial,
 She'll no eye of pity cast,
 But return a flat denial,
 Friends, I can but die at last.

If I fall by this distraction,
 Thro' a lady's cruelty,
 This is some small satisfaction,
 That I do a martyr die.

To a goddess of great beauty,
 Brighter than the morning ray:
 Sure a greater piece of duty
 No poor captive love can pay.

O, this fatal burning fever
 Gives me little hopes of life,
 If forthwith I may not have her
 For my love and lawful wife.

Bear to her this royal token;
 Tell her 'tis my diamond ring:
 Pray her that it may'nt be spolsen,
 She destroys an Indian king,

Who is able to advance her
 In our rich America:
 Let me soon receive an answer
 From her hand, without delay.

Tell her, that you see me ready
To expire for her sake;
As she is a christian lady,
She will sure some pity take.

I shall long for your returning
From that pure unspotted dove;
All the while I shall lie burning
Wrapt in scorching flames of love.

I will fly with your petition
To that lady fair and clear,
Tell her of your sad condition,
I will to her presence bear.

Tell her how you do adore her,
And lie bleeding for her sake,
Having laid the case before her,
She, perhaps, may pity take.

Ladies are too apt to glory
In their youthful bloom and state,
Therefore I'll rehearse the story
Of their being truly great.

So rarewell, sir, for a leason,
I will soon return again,
If she's but endu'd with reason
Labour is not spent in vain.

Having found her habitation,
Which with diligence he sought,
Tho' renowned in her station,
He was to her presence brought.

Where he labour'd to discover,
 How his lord and master lay,
 Like a pensive wounded lover,
 By her charms the other day.

As a token of his honour,
 He has sent this ring of gold
 Set with diamonds: save the owner,
 For his griefs are manifold.

Life and death are both depending
 On the answer you may give;
 There he lies your charms commending
 Grant him love, so he may live.

You may tell your lord and master,
 Said the charming lady fair,
 Tho' I pity his disaster,
 Being catch'd in Cupid's snare,

'Tis against all true discretion
 To comply with what I scorn,
 He a Heathen by profession,
 I a Christian bred and born.

Was he king of many nations,
 Crowns, and royal dignity,
 And I born of mean relations,
 You may tell him this from me;

While I have a life and breathing
 The true God I will adore,
 And will never wed a Heathen
 For all the rich Indian store.

I have had my education
 From my infant blooming youth
 In this Christian land and nation;
 Where the blessed word and truth

Is to be enjoy'd with pleasure,
 Among Christians kind and mild;
 Which is more than all the treasure
 To be had with Heathens wild.

Madam, let me be permitted
 Once to speak in his defence;
 If he e'er then may be pitied,
 Breath not forth such violence.

He and all the rest were telling
 How well they lik'd this place;
 And declar'd themselves right willing
 To receive the light of grace.

Therefore, lady, be not cruel,
 His unhappy state condole;
 Quench his flame, abate his fuel,
 Spare his life, and save his soul.

Since it lies within your power
 Either to destroy or save,
 Send him word, this happy hour,
 That you'll save him from the grave.

While the messenger he pleaded,
 With his noble virtuous mind,
 All the words then well she heeded,
 That for his master he had said.

Then she spoke like one concerned;
 Tell your master this from me,
 Let him first be turned
 From his gross idolatry.

If that he'll become a Christian,
 And live up to the truth reveal'd,
 Then I'd have him start the question;
 But before I'll never yield.

Though he has been pleas'd to send me
His rich ring, and diamond stone.
With this answer pray commend me
To your master, yet unknown.

Away the messenger returned,
With the lady's answer soon,
To his longing lord, who mourned,
Waiting for his final doorn.

Having soon obtain'd admission,
He in his presence did appear,
Saying, with humble due submission,
Honour'd sir, be pleas'd to hear.

Great prince, this is her resolution,
She by no means will comply;
She's averse to your religion:
You must either turn or die.

Yet she receiv'd your royal favour,
And withal does say by me,
If you'll forsake your Pagan error,
To the lady, sir, you're free.

The king receiving this kind answer,
Soon renounc'd his idol way,
And, within a short time after,
Wedded the charming lady gay,

In a most splendid manner,
Usher'd by a glorious train;
Honour'd with the royal presence
Of our late most gracious Queen,